

THROUGH A TORNADO.

A Tale of Adventure on a Louisiana Plantation.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER I.

We of this day cannot even imagine, much less realize, the loneliness of the Louisiana plantation mansions of 40 or 50 years ago. These homes were set in the midst of a wilderness whose "contiguity of shade," as Cooper expressed it, was broken only by intervals of marsh still more dreary and desolate. For miles and miles, even now, the solemn, moss-draped woods stand somber and silent, given over forever to reptiles and wild beasts, and for leagues upon dreary leagues the tall grass covers the easy, sliny marshes where no living thing is visible save the wide-winged birds and the wallowing alligators.

The effect of this strange country upon a vivid imagination is remarkable under the most ordinary circumstances. In the case of Martin Lawrence it had a triple emphasis. To begin with, his business enterprise was of the most unusual and exciting nature; a Philadelphia bank had been swindled by two chaps supposed to be clever representatives of the Murrell organization, and the affair apparently involved the honor of two or three citizens of prominence in Louisiana. John A. Murrell was a man who exerted great personal influence in a most mysterious way, but as our story has nothing to do with him we cannot turn aside to sketch his methods. It is sufficient to say that all accounts, together with the biography written by Virgil A. Stewart, agree in making it clear that he was the greatest highwayman and leader of lawless men that America has ever produced. To tamper with any of his schemes or to meddle in any way with one of his affairs was a most dangerous thing. Lawrence realized this, and, lover of adventure that he was, enjoyed it to the full.

Young Lawrence had been guided almost by chance to the residence of Col. de Vigny, the very man whom his business errand concerned; and on the very veranda, while being hospitably welcomed by the Colonel, his eyes had fallen on a young girl whom he had met in the old world.

What hurried the thought of legal duty clear out of his head for a time was seeing Mlle. Lucie, once more, and away out there in that lonely plantation house amid the cypress swamp and live oak hummocks of Louisiana.

Lucie was, if possible, still more beautiful than when she was a mere slip of a girl in Switzerland and in Paris. Her face had taken on with its slightly increased fullness a quieter, richer expression, as if life were somewhat more serious to her now.

He saw at once that she remembered him and that she desired him to treat her as a stranger. In an obscure, indirect fashion he divined her reason for wishing to be left unrecognized; at least he felt sure that some barrier would have to be broken between them greater than any mere reserve of conventional prudence.

One's mind works with lightning quickness under such circumstances. Lawrence felt that, in some way, everything depended upon the adroitness with which he might turn the key in the lock of this mystery, and he at once set his will like a strong brake upon his impulses.

She stood before him but a moment. At first he was on the point of stepping toward her and letting go the whole, long pent up volume of his feeling. To see her again was like regaining sight after blind darkness, like stepping forth to freedom after resting for years in a noisome dungeon—no, a thousandfold more thrilling than any other experience could just then have been, was that one assured look into her beloved face.

She made some slight but significant sign with her eyes and lips. It was scarcely a movement at all; but it said, more urgently and forcibly than words could have done, that it would be fatal to all his hopes—and, oh, sweet thought! it meant that her own heart felt the mighty need of prudence and of wise forbearance at this crucial point in their two lives.

Lawrence quickly glanced at Col. de Vigny to see if he had noticed the little play-act. That facile creature was evidently quite unaware that in the space of five seconds a stroke of fate supremely important had rung out clear and strong echoing from heart to heart. His dark, somewhat mysterious face was grave and amiable, with hospitable suggestions in his mobile features.

Lucie hurried away to summon servants and to superintend the laying of a supper for the guest. Meantime, her heart leaped wildly and her brain was in a happy whirl. How long she had waited and dreamed, feeling sure that some day he would return! Now he was here, and how bold and strong and handsome!

"What de maitre, chile?" inquired the old colored housekeeper, only she spoke in the French patois of the Louisiana slaves. "What de maitre wid yo' now? Yo' look so comflicated!"

"Nothing, Zilla," replied Lucie, "but isn't it too bad that we must set a guest a cold, meager little supper like this?" "Oh, g'long, chile; come late; save light, yo' did come late," and there was some such thing in Lucie's voice that gave peculiar emphasis to the word late; "but we must do our best."

"Wait twell brekfus", Miss Lucie, an' 'en we feed 'em."

Certainly Lawrence did not think the supper light or meager when he sat down to it opposite his host. Cold venison, with jelly, French bread, rice cake, roast pig with baked sweet potatoes and patties of maize, preserved figs, food butter, and syrup as clear as honey—these were the dishes before him, and besides there was coffee and claret.

When morning came, gray and foggy, Lawrence arose with the confused impressions of the night not in the least obliterated. He carried them, in spite of himself, along with him to the breakfast table, where, to his surprise, he did not meet Col. de Vigny, who, as Mlle. de Vigny informed him, had been compelled to set out early in the morning on a long journey; he would be gone more than a month.

Mlle. de Vigny was looking serious and a trifle pale. "I had most urgent business with Col. de Vigny," said Lawrence. He could not entirely repress his disappointment and chagrin, and it is probable that his mind was visible in his face; for Lucie glanced quickly from him to her mother, and the latter showed uneasiness.

"But you said nothing to father about it?" Lucie inquired, with the sweetest of rising inflections. "Unfortunately, no," said Lawrence. "It was so late when I arrived, and I did not wish to be in an unseemly hurry."

Something in Lucie's face was warning him to be on his guard. He confused and bewildered him all the more when she said, "Some one has stolen it."

This very simple announcement sent the blood in upon Lawrence's heart. In a twinkling he grasped to a certain degree the truth of the situation. That is, he understood that there certainly must be some connection between the sudden departure of Colonel de Vigny and the disappearance of his horse. In a word, Colonel de Vigny had killed two birds with one stone. By going off he had escaped the disagreeable task of explaining some illegal doings of his partners in New Orleans, and in taking away Lawrence's horse he had made it impossible for that young man to reach the city before certain evidence could be destroyed. Indeed, our young friend was not in the least surprised when, in answer to an inquiry, he was told that there was not another riding horse on the plantation, or, for that matter, within twenty miles of it.

He stood there looking at Mlle. Lucie, and on the moment the whole affair obtruded its ludicrous side. He laughed in spite of himself.

"A pretty kettle of fish," he exclaimed, with a shrill shrug of his shoulders and a humorous lifting of his brows. "You will have to entertain me for a few days, mademoiselle. It seems that I am a prisoner."

"Not exactly a prisoner, monsieur," she replied, leaning over the railing of the veranda, her lovely face framed in the rich foliage of the vine. "But you must be wise and careful. Take my advice, and there will be no danger to you."

She spoke very low, and her voice betrayed the depth of her feeling. Lawrence felt a great impulse toward taking her bright little head between his hands, but he did not dare.

"I have not come so far to be afraid of any danger that may threaten me," he said, as lightly as he could. "Things usually go my way."

She assumed a harkening attitude for a moment, glancing around meanwhile as if to assure herself that no one was near, then motioned him to come closer.

He obeyed, lifting himself so that she could stoop to his ear and whisper.

Down came the first wave of the wind and churned the bayou into wreaths and flakes, at the same time jarring the mansion from roof to foundation.

Mme. de Vigny screamed and ran into the hall.

A heavier throb followed, almost lifting Lawrence off his feet as he caught Lucie up in his arms in the midst of a level rain stream. He had enough presence of mind to leave the house at once, and bear his precious burden away from the crashing walls. There was no time to think of saving Mme. de Vigny. Indeed, the next surge of the bellowing

showed him the wonderful flower garden, took him from room to room of the curious, spacious mansion to let him see the pictures, and, indeed, did not permit him to think of the defeat he was suffering in his business affair.

If ever a man fell under the spell of enchantment, it was our young lawyer from Philadelphia. He looked at the pictures, hanging in the hall and at the battle guns, the dark, rough walls, the paintings, the old-time chairs and tables, the black mahogany and the gold-framed mirrors and the quaintly carved sofas in the parlor, and then at Lucie, sweet, inscrutable, charming—looked and felt himself a part of some mysterious and powerfully fascinating romance.

The dusk of evening came on, the moonlight, his slumber was so fitful and scarry that he could not be sure whether it was while dreaming or waking, but he heard the old panther scream far away in the jungle, and the words of Col. de Vigny kept ringing in his ears: "Whenever once the old fellow chooses a victim he never fails finally to eat him." Never before had he felt that words could possibly have the mystery of prophecy in them. Half asleep and half awake he let this take a sort of rhythmic swing back and forth in his brain till the dawn of the next day.

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CHAPTER II.

Mme. de Vigny, Lucie and Lawrence sat on the veranda till sunrise. It would have pleased the young man better if the mother had been away, for he had made up his mind to declare his love to Lucie at the first opportunity; still the privilege of sitting near the beautiful girl was, under all the circumstances, much more than he could have expected, utter stranger to Mme. de Vigny as he was. The reader must remember, however, in this connection, that the young man who ask for hospitality in a thinly populated country generally receive all the attention due an honored guest. This was the rule in the South during the earlier days of slavery, when the plantations were far apart and the means of travel mostly private and slow.

"I must set out for New Orleans in the morning," said Lawrence, "even if I have to go on foot."

The thought had come into his mind abruptly and he spoke it without reflection.

"But no, monsieur," exclaimed Mme. de Vigny, "it would never do. You could not do it. You would starve on the way; and then there is that dreadful panther, that terror of the Teche."

"I have not the slightest fear, madame," the young man responded. "I am a cowardly brute. I have killed more than one. This one is no worse than any other. Who has he ever eaten?"

"A great many people, they say," replied Mme. de Vigny. "The negroes tell the stories."

"But do you know of any particular person?"

"A traveler, I have heard, was found mangled and dead a few miles from here some years ago."

"Mme. de Vigny," said Lawrence, "your husband told me last evening that this wild beast had killed his son, one of his brothers and his cousin Felix d'Antin, besides two other relatives."

"Mon Dieu, Monsieur Lawrence!"

It was Mme. de Vigny who spoke, but both the ladies were greatly excited. Lucie, especially, was painfully agitated.

We all know that it is a trait of human nature as deep-seated as the roots of life for us to take strong delight in probing the secret wounds of those we love. Lawrence did not pause or falter when once he saw the way to wrench from Lucie the mystery after which he was reaching.

In the first place, Col. de Vigny never had a cousin living in Louisiana, much less one by the name of Felix d'Antin. As for the brother and the son, both were myths. The De Vigny family had been a slender one in the male line; the Colonel was the only one that had come from France to America. The brother in New Orleans, of whom Lucie had spoken, was of the half blood, the Colonel's mother having married the second time. Lawrence felt some obscure twinges of conscience while thus drawing out of the skeleton from the closet of this isolated home. The main fact was, however, that Colonel de Vigny's mind had been recently showing signs of breaking, or rather what had once been a light hobby for it had become a monomania. Some years ago the panther had chased him one night and ever since that terrible experience the impression had been growing upon him that sooner or later the beast would destroy him. Gradually his talks on the subject had assumed the proportions of romance and his stories touching the panther's exploits took the form of family history as has already appeared. On every other subject he was perfectly sane, and even on this one his obliquity was more like the play of a vivid imagination than like the effect of disease.

Now as Lawrence sat there in the dusk with the drowsy influence of the semi-tropic air coming over him, and saw Lucie's beautiful face shimmer like a star, it is no wonder that, with all the strange impressions of his recent experiences weighing upon him, he should feel like one in a dream, or like one suddenly drawn away from real every day life to the region of old-time story.

The three sat there chatting in a desultory way while the moon climbed up the sky and dimmed the flare of the southern stars. Once, twice, three times Lawrence thought he heard, far away in the woods, the long wail of the old panther. If the ladies noticed it they gave no sign. Perhaps they were so accustomed to the sound that it no longer attracted their attention.

Presently a heavy, booming sound rolled around the western horizon, and they all saw for the first time a black cloud tumbling up the sky.

"It is a hurricane!" exclaimed a scared servant.

Lucie sprang to her feet.

"And father!" she cried, "father will be out in it!"

Mme. de Vigny was greatly excited, too, and Lawrence saw that a great wind coming, bearing before it a torrent of rain, accompanied with a wild network of keen, slender lightning flashes, whose reverberations grew in force with startling rapidity.

Lawrence arose and stood bewildered. Then the panther screamed near by in the woods.

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wind-flood swept the mansion away as if it had been a wisp of straw, and scattered it through the woods where the trees were snapping everywhere or bending almost level along the ground. The lightning blazed continuously, but the thunder could not be distinguished from the general roar of the storm. Distinctly enough, however, was heard the savage yell of the old man-eater, repeated at short intervals, and all the time coming closer.

Lawrence was sent spinning along, scarcely touching the ground, in what direction he knew not, bumping against



THE CAUGHT LUCIE UP.

this or that and struck by flying and whirling things. After the first dash there was no more rain; but the layou was lifted and borne off in spray through the crashing trees. With the arms of love the young man held to his dear load, trying to shield it from all the terrible force of the storm and amid the blinding, crashing, howling whirl of it all he was remembering how she looked on that rainy day at the Swiss hotel when she walked away from him along the veranda.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Tree of Luck.

Staten-Islanders relate an odd story about a tree which has grown up on a dock extending into the water from a cliff just above the quarantine station. The dock is constructed of piling and logs, and extends from the shore a distance of about fifty feet, of which twenty-five feet are made up of earth deposits between the piles. In the center of this earth rises an enormous willow tree, around which a fence has been built. Outside of the fence heavy benches are placed, on which the fishermen and others who use the dock can take their comfort. It is related that when the dock was first started in a small way, nearly twenty-five years ago, a small sprout came floating down the water and was drifted so that it took root in the earth, where it has now become a great tree. The fishermen of that day discovered it taking root, straightened it up, protected it with environments and have ever since defended it, so that they will not permit a person even to cut a twig from it. They say that the tree has been lucky to the dock, and that any man who despoils it brings bad luck to them.—New York Press.

Cautions.

The Bank of England's doors are now so finely balanced that the clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed of the great metropolis from robbing the famous institution. The bullion department of this and other great English banking establishments are nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of the machinery. In some of the London banks the bullion departments are connected with the manager's sleeping rooms, and an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near the person's head. If a dishonest official during the day or night should take even as much as one from a pile of one thousand sovereigns the whole pile would instantly sink and a pool of water take its place, besides letting every person in the establishment know of the theft.

Made a Difference.

An up-town dry goods store in New York last summer tried the experiment of giving soda water to its patrons free. An enormous fountain, well equipped for service was placed in the back part of the store, and on each hot day half a dozen attendants were kept busy serving a clamorous, thirsty and never diminishing crowd. One day upward of 7,000 glasses of soda water were drawn from that free fountain. This year the firm charges 3 cents a glass for its soda water, and as a result the patronage has fallen off to a remarkable extent. On two very hot days sometime ago, although the store was well filled with customers, the soda fountain at no time was overworked.

We Don't Need to Borrow Words.

An interesting return just published proves how unnecessary it is for any writer to fall back on quotations from modern or dead languages to illustrate his meaning. There are now over 250,000 words in the English language acknowledged by the best authorities, or about 70,000 more than in the German, French, Spanish and Italian languages combined. One can easily understand foreigners borrowing from English, and it seems quite unnecessary and inexcusable for English writers to burden their works with words taken from languages with less than a fourth the number of words to be found in our best dictionaries.

A King's Wives Take in Washing.

King Malletto, of Samoa, is not paid his salary (\$25 a week) with regularity enough to keep him in easy financial condition, so he has been having his wives do washing for well-to-do residents of Apia.

THE NEWS.

Two yaws going from shore at Cincinnati to a steamer, capsized at the foot of Broadway from the swell of a passing steamer, and threw seven men into the river. Two of them were drowned—Louis Johnson and another whose name is unknown.—William Kelly, of Utica, N. Y., was struck by a vehicle at Santa Barbara, Cal., and fatally injured.

The jury in the case of John D. Hart, Captain John O'Brien, Mate Edward Murphy and Colonel Emilio Nunez, of the steamship Bermuda, charged with violation of the neutrality laws, in aiding and abetting a military expedition to Cuba, rendered a sealed statement of disagreement to Judge Brown in the United States Circuit Court at New York.—At St. Louis, Mo., the jury in the case against James Addison Peralta-Reavis, charged with attempting to defraud the government with an alleged Spanish grant covering twelve acres of land in Arizona, returned a verdict of guilty.—Five alleged counterfeiters were arrested in St. Louis by secret service detectives.—Postmaster Samuel A. Lansing, of Bridgeport, N. J., has been summarily removed for violating the civil service laws, and will also be presented criminally.—Charles Williams, colored, attempted to murder his wife at Atlantic City and then committed suicide. He was slightly demented.—John L. Spiering, agent of the Adams Express Company at Easton, Pa., committed suicide by shooting himself in the mouth with a revolver. He was forty-nine years of age and unmarried. Bad health is supposed to be the cause.

Rev. Ronald D. Worth, of New York, was divorced in Oklahoma Territory from his wife—Benjamin Huff, of Bootjack, Ind., shot his daughter-in-law and killed his 14.—The five men comprising the Buck gang were executed at Fort Smith, Ark.—A. W. Barro and others, accused in Tampa, Fla., of filibustering, were discharged.—Crescenzo Merolo was executed at Stanton, Pa., for the murder of Emanuel Loro.—Natalie Mayer, aged fourteen years, of New York, a reader of sensational literature, set fire to a church "to see the firemen and horses"—The ark of recovering the bodies of the miners in the Plitison (Pa.) mine is progressing rapidly, but it is not believed that any will be rescued alive.—William Jarushetz, convicted of manslaughter in shooting and killing Robert Wilson, colored, was sentenced to four months' imprisonment to the Penitentiary of West Virginia.—The business men of Charleston, W. Va., have organized in association for the purpose of inducing manufacturing enterprises to locate there.—Governor MacCorkle, of West Virginia, has announced himself as a candidate for Vice President on the democratic ticket.—Mr. Garret A. Hobart, vice-president-elect, was the guest of Presidential Candidate McKinley, at Canton, Ohio.—Mr. Albert Hager, republican, was renominated for Congress by ninth Iowa district convention.

The history committee of the United Confederate Veterans met in Richmond, and decided to recommend that a monument be erected to the women of the South.—The sheriff of Wilmington, Del., seized the gas plant owned by J. Edward Addeks, in that city, who has refused to pay taxes upon it because it is not in operation.—Sally E. McKee, of New York, committed suicide in a Philadelphia hotel by shooting herself through the heart.—An overcrowded pier at Marine Park, Boston, collapsed, and thirty people were thrown into the water, two of whom were drowned.—A number of miners engaged in trying to reach the hundred entombed men in the Twin Shaft, at Pittston, narrowly escaped a similar fate. Water has begun to pour into the slope, and old miners have abandoned all hope of saving their comrades who were caught in the cave-in.—The rise in West Virginia rivers did great damage to the fields of grain in the valleys.—The schooner Norma, from Kodiakata, arrived at Port Townsend, Wash., with thirty-five stranded miners aboard, who pronounced Cook's Inlet mining boom a fizzle. Over 3,500 miners are at the inlet stranded and unable to obtain employment, and supplies are going rapidly.—At Newport, Ky., Judge Helm overruled the motion for a new trial for Alonzo Walling convicted as an accomplice of Scott Jackson in the murder of Pearl Bryan.

WORK AND WORKERS.

Another strike of the tailors of New York and Brooklyn is threatened.—The American Linen Company's mills, at Fall River, shut down for an indefinite period.—The Wampanoag Mills, in Fall River, Mass., have posted notices announcing a shut-down for two weeks.—A New Bedford, Mass., despatch says that there will be no general shutdown of the mills there during July and August.

Annual suspension time is at hand in the iron, steel and glass industries of the country, and for the next few weeks many thousands of men will be idle. The 1907 wage scale of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers has gone into effect.

A mob of striking quarrymen from Berea, Ohio, attacked a quarry at West View and were driven off by a force of deputy sheriffs. Over sixty shots were fired and three of the strikers were wounded. The Sheriff has asked Governor Bushnell for four companies of state troops to quell the rioting.

A Cleveland, Ohio, despatch says that the strike at the Brown Hoisting Company's Works, involving 900 men, has been in progress five weeks, and no settlement seems in sight. Martin Schantz, one of the men who returned to work, was attacked by the strikers as he left the works and is fatally injured. A mob, which congregated at the works, was charged upon by the police, who used their clubs vigorously.

GREAT LOSS TO FARMERS.

West Virginia Valleys Flooded—A Flour Mill Demolished.—The sudden rise in the Mud, Guyan and Twelve Pole Rivers, in West Virginia has resulted in great damage in the valleys of these streams. At many points whole fields of corn, wheat and vegetables have been washed away, and thousands of logs have been carried out into the Ohio River. At Buffalo Shoals the big flour mill of Adolph Thorp was entirely demolished, and the debris and machinery carried away.

THE REUNION.

Splendid Gathering of Veterans at Richmond.

GOV. O'FERRAL'S ADDRESS.

Battle Abbey of the South—Mr. C. B. Rouss Now Offers to Give \$500,000—His Proposition Involves a Change of Plans.

A despatch from Richmond says: The Confederate reunion opened Tuesday with charming weather, clear and cool. An immense throng of people was present, and exposition grounds, where the convention is held in a large auditorium erected for the purpose, was crowded. The auditorium is handsomely decorated. As General Gordon showed his face on the rostrum this morning a mighty Confederate yell went up, and the battle-scarred veteran received an ovation. Governor O'Ferrall and other distinguished men went up and grasped his hand. The bands played "Dixie" and the people shouted.

Before the convention was called, to order General Gordon was presented a scroll made from a tree from the battlefield of Chickamauga. Rev. J. William Jones offered a fervent prayer to the God of Lee and Jackson and Davis.

General Gordon introduced Governor O'Ferrall, who welcomed the veterans on behalf of the State, saying in part:

"Veterans and Comrades: You were enlisted in those bands who wrote their names in glory's skies and carved them deep in the temple of fame, who made the cause of the South so imperishable and the renown of her arms so fadeless. You endured hardships which no human imagination could picture and no mortal tongue could describe. Your exploits equaled those of the heroic age in Grecian legends, and your devotion was not surpassed by Leonidas and his three hundred at Thermopylae. In the path of duty no danger daunted you, no suffering subdued you, no fear appalled you, and no defeat disheartened you. True as the dial to the sun, firm as the rock on the mountain crest, resolute as the lion around in his lair, with unflinching cheek and steady nerve, you obeyed every command, however rained the missiles of death. The greater the peril the stiffer were your sinews, the fiercer the battle the hotter was your blood.

"No Grecian phalanx, no Roman legion were ever adorned with badges more honorable than these you wear upon your manly breasts. It was neither conquest nor power for which you fought: it was in defense of home and country. The rights for which the founders of this republic were struck were no more sacred to them than the rights for which you were reborn, so were the fathers of constitutional liberty of a hundred and twenty years ago. If you fought to sever your connection with a union whose bonds were galling, as did the men now immortalized in song and story when they snapped the cord of British allegiance in 1776. If you had within you a spirit that would not submit tamely to wrong and dared to assert itself in the front of grim-visaged might, or if foreign-born, you labored it from the air you breathed."

The speaker's tribute to Virginia and Virginians was greeted with prolonged cheering.

After the announcement of the committee on credentials, General Stephen D. Lee was introduced to present the report of the committee on history. It was a lengthy paper, and dealt with the whole subject of history. The report recommended the establishment of a chair of American history in Southern colleges and universities, and the more thorough teaching of history in the schools, public and private throughout the South.

The Battle Abbey Committee also held a long session. Colonel Wood's report showed contributions of \$26,548 in addition to Mr. Rouss' conditional subscription. Colonel Chaleron, of Louisiana, said he was opposed to conditional subscriptions. New Orleans, he said, had a \$150,000 site to offer absolutely. Mr. Rouss submitted a second proposition, offering to contribute \$50,000 if the South would raise an equal amount to erect a great battle abbey in Washington. Resolutions were finally adopted providing that the committee ask to be discharged, and be succeeded by trustees to be selected by representatives of each division of United Confederate Veterans, who shall be authorized and directed to obtain a charter of incorporation for the Confederate Memorial Association.

A reception was given in honor of Mrs. Jefferson Davis and her daughter, Mrs. Hays in the Confederate Museum at night. So great was the crowd that all could not enter the house, and the two ladies bowed their acknowledgements from the windows.

Laying of the Corner-Stone.

The three days' reunion meeting of over 100,000 Confederates ended in the laying of the corner-stone of the Jefferson Davis memorial monument. Immediately upon the adjournment of the Convention the line of procession to Monroe Park, where the monument will be erected, was formed.

There were 20,000 men in line and 200,000 people witnessed the parade, which, headed by General Gordon, had in its ranks several of the well-known surviving heroes of the C. S. A. The column included every branch of military service, and with inspiring music and National and Southern colors floating above it, was at every point greeted with enthusiastic cheers.

It arrived at Monroe Park at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and after brief Masonic ceremonies and a prayer by Bishop Granbery, General Stephen D. Lee delivered an oration.

Address of General Lee.

From a graceful exordium, explaining the purpose which had drawn his vast audience together, General Lee asserted that it was fitting that Jefferson Davis's remains should rest in Virginia, which he characterized as the greatest of all States, the battle-scarred

producer of warriors and statesmen. But for her generosity in ceding her vast territory to the Union, Kentucky would have still been here, and he would have been born her son. Many persons, statesmen, soldiers, lie in Virginia soil, from Washington to the present time, none greater than Davis, but more fortunate.

Throwing a glance backward he showed how, thirty-one years ago, the man whose memory they met to-day to honor lay manacled in a casemate of a strongly garrisoned fortress, charged with the most atrocious crime known to man—treason and murder. "And yet," he continued, "the died by millions more sincerely mourned and deeply beloved than any other man in the history of the nation. If his enemies had succeeded in putting him to death, he would have been the most conspicuous figure in American history."

General Lee expressed an abiding belief that when the mists of passion and prejudice have passed away the calm light of justice gives the right title to each figure in history. "The descendants of the men who burned John A. Roe," said he, "now regard her as a character of heroism and beauty. The posterity of the men who hung with a sword in Salem as a pious duty now hear the story with horror. The descendants of the men who to-day look on Jefferson Davis with unkind expressions will see him as we do—the stainless gentleman, the gallant soldier, the devoted patriot, the pure and gifted statesman."

General Lee declined to discuss the causes leading to the war. The war had settled that secession was impracticable, and the amendments to the Constitution had adjusted other differences. The Southern people had fully accepted the results; they accepted the present and loyally committed themselves to the future.

Passing to the early days of secession, he predicted that the future historian would note with astonishment that the Southern struggle for independence began not with committees of public safety, with declarations of the rights of man, or emancipation of the mighty doctrine that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, but it began with public statues, general elections and constitutional conventions. Mr. Davis himself rested in his inaugural case of the new nation at the bar of the public opinion of the world, not upon revolutionary, but upon legal right.

He quoted the junior Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Lodge) as saying that when the Constitution was adopted at Philadelphia no one—neither Washington, Hamilton, Clinton nor Madison—regarded the new system as anything but an experiment, from which every State had the right, peacefully, to withdraw. The Southern States had only exerted a right which had been threatened by New England and which was general to all the States.

General Lee concluded a glowing eulogium of Jefferson Davis's pure private life, his exquisite courtesy and gallantry as a soldier, with the declaration that his dominant characteristic was his fidelity to principle. It was well said of him "he bent to none but God."

He came among us a Roman born out of time. It was impossible for him to ask as long as he felt he had done his duty conscientiously as he saw it, and never forgiven. One after another his comrades entered the Beyond, until he stood alone. But he never wavered. He passed from us a stern and majestic figure, broken but never bent.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

Secretary Lamont has directed that the fortification and army post at David's Island, N. Y., be named Fort Slocum, for the late Major General William H. Slocum.

The Holt will case, recently decided in favor of the heirs-at-law, was brought up on a motion for new trial. The motion was overruled, and counsel for the beneficiaries under the alleged will, now appeal the case to the District Court of Appeals.

The Postmaster General has issued a lottery order against Albert Jarmulowsky, Behan Schwenke and Schvedfeger, at Schwerin in Mecklenburg, Germany. This is supposed to be another alias of the Hamburg lottery, which has been flooding the country with circulars.

The Navy Department paid to the Bethlehem and Carnegie Companies \$100,000 each, being the amounts withheld on armor contracts until the armor had been on the ships six months. The first contract was made with the Bethlehem Company in 1887, and with the Carnegie Company in 1890.

Orders were issued by the war department for the immediate execution of the provisions of the river and harbor appropriation act with the exception of those sections of the law, providing specifically for the making of contracts for the continuation and completion of works.

The President has appointed Thomas Willing Peters, of Wyoming, Consul at Plauen, Germany, and George Sawyer, of Connecticut, Consul at Glauchau, Germany. The appointments are at present commencing. The Commercial Agency, at New Castle, N. S. W., at present vacant, has been raised to a consulate, and William Coulbourn Brown, of Maryland, has been appointed Consul there.